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THE NUISANCE

VOL. VIII

NO. 8

ANNUAL NUMBER

May, 1916

Published by
Senior Class 1916
Martinsville High School

MARTINSVILLE - - - INDIANA



The NUISANCE

GREETING.

“Four Happy years together
By storm and sunshine tried,
In changing wind and weather
We’ve roughed it side by side
But the time is drawing nigh,
We are fledged and we must fly.”

We are leaving our schooldays behind us and passing out into the broader stream of life. As the years pass by, may this book, with its old familiar faces of teachers and classmates, keep fresh the memories of the pleasant days we have spent together.

The NUISANCE

THE STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief

JAMES REID

Business Manager

BENTON PORT

Advertising Manager

WAYNE ABBOTT

Associate Editors

MIRIAM MASON

LUCILE SARTOR

HELEN FUSELMAN

BASIL WILLIAMS

FLOYD AYERS

Artist

ELMER CREWS

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We, the graduating class of Martinsville
High School, dedicate this book to our
teacher and friend

ARTHUR H. HINES

"The end has come, as come it must
To all things; in these sweet May days,
The teacher and the scholar trust
Their parting feet to separate ways.
They part, but in the years to be
Shall pleasant memories cling to each
As shells bear inland from the sea,
The murmur of the rhythmic beach."

Martinsville, Ind., May 25. 1916.

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OUR ALMA MATER

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Faculty

“Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,
His most of all whose kingdom is a school.”

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J. E. ROBINSON.
Superintendent.

Graduate State Normal
Principal of M. H. S. 1897 to 1901.
Superintendent since 1901.

At the close of this year, Prof. Robinson retires from the position which he has filled so ably for the past fifteen years. We consider ourselves fortunate to have spent the whole of our school life under his kindly guidance. In all dealings with childish pranks he never forgot that he was once a boy himself.

His influence upon the lives of our city is something that cannot be measured.

"He knew the joy the sculptor knows
When plastic to the lightest touch
His clay wrought model slowly grows
To that fine grace desired so much."

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A. H. HINES
Principal. Instructor in Science
Graduate State Normal 1907
Instructor in M. H. S. since 1907
Principal since 1910



A. W. McCRACKEN
Instructor in Science
Graduate State Normal 1911
Instructor in M. H. S. since 1911



MISS LILLIAN HART
Instructress in German and Latin
Graduate of DePauw
Kappa Kappa Gamma Phi Beta Kappa
Instructress in M. H. S. since 1910

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LAWRENCE SHEIDLER.

Instructor in History and Civics.

Indiana State Normal A. B. 1915.



RUSSEL B. SILSBY.

Instructor in English and History.

University of Michigan A. B. 1915.



MISS ETHEL I. HOUSE.

Instructress in Shorthand,
Typewriting and Domestic Science.

Graduate State School of Science,
Wahpeton, North Dakota, 1913.

Instructress in M. H. S. 1914.



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MISS HANNAH STEVENS.

Instructress in English

Graduate of Indiana University

A. B. 1907. A. M. 1910

Instructress in M. H. S. since 1910.



MISS LELA VAUGHT.

Instructress in Art.

Graduate of Indiana State Normal,

Butler College and

Janerian School of Penmanship.



HARRY ABBOTT.

Instructor in Book-Keeping.

Arithmetic, and Wood Working.

DePauw University

Indiana State Normal

Wisconsin State University.

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MISS TWANETTE NUTTER.

Instructress in Music.

Graduate of Boston
Conservatory of Music



MRS. BERYL RUSIE.

Instructress in Latin and English.

Graduate of Depaw Ph. B. 1905.
Kappa Kappa Gamma, Phi Beta Kappa
Instructress in M. H. S. since 1914.



R. E. CRAVENS.

Instructor in Mathematics.

Hanover College A. B. 1914.

BetaTheta Pi.



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“While wondering Science stands herself perplexed
At each day's miracle, and asks “What next?”---
The immortal boy, the coming heir of all,
Springs from his desk to “urge the flying ball”.
The same bright creature, in these haunts of ours
That Eton shadowed with her antique towers.”



Seniors.

"Physics, metaphysics, logic, mathematics—all the lot—
Every wisdom crammed octavo, they have mastered and—forgot."

Class Colors
GOLD AND BLUE.



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SENIOR OFFICERS.



EVERETT SHIREMAN.

"Hobby"

His favorite recreation is a gentle slumber in the assembly and he has an air of drowsy abstraction which is only thrown off in the heat of a basketball game. He is noted for his contagious smile and loved for his power of adding humor and freshness to an English recitation. In class he may be seen earnestly reading from his text-book.

Basketball Team, President IV, Class Play.

WALTER ACHESON

"Walt" "Atch"

He entered this High School from Brazil in the Junior year, and when the excitement created by his advent had subsided, immediately got into the swing of affairs. He gains much admiration from the fresh and innocent youthfulness of his face. He is a noted tenor. As leading lover of the class play he displayed hitherto concealed feeling and ability.

GLADYS LEWIS.

Gladys is a charming, lovable girl who has maintained a cheerful sweetness through all the trials from Freshman to Senior. Gladys will be remembered gratefully by the authors and poets of M. H. S. who who have delighted to enshrine her in clouds of romance. And the strange thing is that with all this she is still a pupil to rejoice the hearts of the teachers.

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WAYNE ABBOTT

"You were a schoolboy, what beneath the sun so like a monkey?"

He is a mechanical genius who has nearly perfected a new make of automobile. He has an abiding faith in Providence which often carries him through a hard place where a night's study would not. Also he is in love, deeply and hopelessly, though at most times he makes an effort to conceal it. In the latter years of his sojourn at M. H. S., he has formed an unbreakable friendship with B. O. Williams.

FRANK ADAMS

"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."

Until this year a shy and quiet young bud, but lately has blossomed forth wonderfully, having real cases which startled the whole school.

FLOYD AYRES

"Pythagoras"

"None but himself can be his parallel."

The only really political man in the class. Besides politics, he also goes in for psychology, and having made an exhaustive study of this subject, is able to judge of one's thoughts by the laying on of the hands method. He has an air of profound wisdom which often convinces the teachers when his words fail to do so. Many have earnestly sought his love but it is not known that he ever accepted their advances.

HELEN BAIN

"She is a phantom of delight."

A gay and cheerful girl who is never bothered by twinges of conscience over lessons or work of any sort. She has an ever ready smile for her friends and is much liked by many of her classmates. She takes an especial delight in all social functions.

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JULIET BALDWIN

"Baldy"

"She walks in beauty."

Juliet has been a member of our class since her return from Franklin in 1914. She is a recognized leader and no social event in this city is complete without her presence.

ALICE BREEDLOVE

"How tall among her sisters and how fair."

Alice is noted for her rose leaf complexion and shy sweetness. She is a girl who makes no pretensions of importance in the class but quietly goes to work and accomplishes things. She has a desire to make those about her happy and at ease and so is always gracious and graceful. It has been said by a dependable authority that she is the most beautiful girl in Centerton.

BYRON BURTON

"Ah, why should life all labor be?
A gol darn good feller!"

Byron is a firm believer in the rest cure and is living up to that belief. His mind is usually fresh and vigorous for inventing new and startling forms of mischief. Several remarkable experiences, shared with the Editor of the Nuisance, have cemented a firm friendship between the two. He has a dread of appearing weak or spinster like and therefore exerts himself to be careless.

IMOGENE CLARK

"Of him she thinks she can not think too much."

Noted for the fact that she came from Coldwater and is still loyal to it. She finds much consolation, however, in the youths of Martinsville and her one objection is, that more of them do not occupy seats near her in the assembly hall. On account of her extreme friendliness, she is ungratefully considered by some, to be a troublesome creature. Her greatest talent lies in corresponding with unwilling recipients.



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PAULINE COMER

"With thy sweet smile and silver voice."
"Nancy" in the class play.

Pauline entered our ranks from Arizona as a Sophomore. She is a proud, dignified damsel who has ambition to rule the world and never lacks that splendid quality of self confidence.

DORIS CORDELL

"Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;
O grant an honest fame, or grant me none!"

This is a girl who conscientiously does her assigned work and is therefore a pleasure to her teachers. She has spent her whole high school career in M. H. S. much to the credit of our class.

WINIFRED CRAWFORD

"She that was ever fair and never proud
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud."

She has not been with us through the entire H. S. course, but soon became identified with us after her advent. This cheerful person is known to all H. S. students by her "perpetual" smile.

RUTH FERGUSON

"Fergy"

"Her virtues walked their narrow round;
Nor made a pause, nor left a void."

She is a calm and quiet maiden, above all things avoiding publicity and notoriety. But behind all her gentleness is solid purpose and she is certain to succeed in her aim for she constantly strives to make herself efficient in this one thing. In time of stress and excitement it will be soothing to think back upon her soft voice, her mild face and her curling hair.

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EDITH FLETCHER

"How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye!"

"Fletch" has spent four years among us in a cool calculating way which has brought much credit to herself. She has, seemingly without effort, attained that decorum and poise which so many of us desire. Common sense and perseverance are distinctive features of her character.

ELSIE FRITCH

"Her hair had a breezy curl;
Her brown eye was merry and wild."

Elsie wandered into our midst as little ones generally do, but stayed to prove herself an essential to the class. She is one of those diminutive persons who make up for lack of size by untiring application and an unlimited store of dynamic energy. She has a pleasing disposition which gives her an added distinction in the eyes of her classmates and friends (gentlemen included).

LAWRENCE FRYE

"Imp of all mischief, heaven alone knows how you learned it all!"

He is without doubt the most affectionate boy in this High School, and his gentle manners distinguish him from others. He has talents which should be utilized on the stage for he bears much resemblance to Charlie Chaplin, in action and appearance. He is a remarkably deep thinker but usually keeps the fact concealed.

HELEN FUSELMAN

"Dancing! I love it, night or day;
There's naught on earth so jolly!"

She is one of those girls who hides under a demure exterior, a heart longing for adventure and gay life. She loves to sing and her ambition is to follow Ellen Terry as the greatest emotional actress. Indiana is too small for her high hopes, and therefore she is desirous of seeking an education and many lovers in the State of Illinois.



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DEWEY GOSS

"Behold the hero of the day;
A simple, modest, man of clay."

Dewey is an all round athlete, starring in Basketball, Football and Baseball. He has been one of the mainstays of our Basketball during the past two seasons, and his absence from the floor will be deeply missed next season. He will probably pursue his studies at Butler.

RAY HAASE

"Happy"

"Far from gay cities and the ways of men."

A joy to those who are compelled to act as bill collectors, for he is always there with the gratifying "kale." He is noted for his reticence and shy manners, but it is said by some that these are only assumed to conceal the fact that he is preparing himself for a public speaker. He will likely succeed for he has survived nine months of note writing by Senior girls.

EDITH HANNA

"Happy am I, from care I'm free!
Why ain't they all contented like me?"

Preparedness is her motto. Ready for anything from storming Blackstones to a German test on Monday morning. Her greatest antipathy is Sophomore boys, and her goal in life, Seymour. She is almost sure to make fame for herself as a trainer of the youthful idea. She is easily shocked and has an intense sense of propriety.

MIRIAM HASTINGS

"Nature did her so much right
That she scorns the help of art."

Whole souled and ever ready to lend a helping hand, she has endeavored to make life pleasant for those about her. Her quiet reserved and unassuming manner has won for her a place in the affections of all those who know her. She is that type of girl which is so aptly described in every day terms as a typical good scout.

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RAE JENKINS

"And her little red ringlets, bobbing,
Bobbing and hobnobbing."

Her friendly smile and cheerful voice are known and loved down to the timid Freshmen. She is not likely to be lost in the haze of the future, for she carries aloft a crimson headlight, never extinguished. She has been a faithful basketball fan and she knows how to appreciate a good Civics lesson. Coming generations at M. H. S. will lose by not having her on their committees and geography excursions. Her favorite food is pepper.

HELEN JOHNSON

"My tender youth was never yet attained
With any passion of inflaming love."

Helen's greatest characteristic is a sense of humor, which often overmasters her in-born love for decorum. She has shown a talent for match making and has an ambition for conducting a matrimonial bureau. However, with all her love for gayety and romance, she has always been a satisfaction to her teachers and can proudly boast that she has never caused a single white hair for Mr. Hines.

CLARA KIRK

"She was the mildest mannered maid."

Clara is not known for any boldness, nor for having an ever wagging tongue but on the contrary she is noted for her modest and retiring ways.

SHIRLEY KRINER

"Shanks"

"The love of praise, how'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less and glows in his heart."

This is our rightfully all-state center who led his team to victory time after time, both at home and abroad. When in his togs, his figure spells "basket-ball." He is a natural leader of others, which, along with his many other fine qualities accounts for his unbounded popularity. His athletic fame isn't wholly confined to basket-ball, for he is good anywhere he may be; on the gridiron, the diamond, the track or the field.



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RAYMOND LOUDER

"There was a little man, and he had a little sand,
And he said, Little Soul, let us try, try, try!"

He has been known to call his own name vociferously on several occasions; not for notoriety but because he was our famous yell leader, surpassed by none. Many times his inspiring pep on the yelling line buoyed up our team to victory, and his popularity will long be remembered by all the students who attended M. H. S. in the year '15-'16.

MIRIAM MASON

"None but an author knows an author's cares."

One of the most able literary members of the class, ranking high in all of her studies, but especially those in which she can use her literary ability. She intends to study landscape gardening at Purdue University.

MARY McCAMMACK

"She would not with peremptory tone
Assert the nose upon her face."

She has been a follower of the red and blue for all her four years, though living in Illinois. She is not hilarious, but very fond of frolics, provided they are not too boisterous liking such things as quiet hike, spreads and moving pictures. She is a modest girl disliking show of any kind, and therefore she never attempts to make display of her brilliant wit.

MABEL McKINLEY

"I am content, I do not care,
Wag as it will, the world for me."

She looks with equal scorn upon labor, solemnity and sentimentality. She believes in the prevention cure, and to ward off her old enemy, fat, has acquired the habit of "hiking" long distances. She is a pleasant person to have around in case of depression, for she is uniformly careless and good natured, hoping for cheerful endings.

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GERTRUDE MYERS

"Well, miss, I wonder where you live, I wonder what's your name?"

Abounds in unique ideas which usually find expression in English. She has an affectionate disposition, tinged with melancholy, which she strives to overcome. The world and its ways are a continual source of wonder to her. She has a great deal of self-possession which is a valuable asset to her.

RUTH PEARCY

"Few sorrows hath she of her own."

Life is not dull for Ruth, for the joys, troubles, and experiences of others form her greatest concern and delight. She is especially interested in Junior boys, Sophomore boys, Freshmen boys and Senior boys. Her greatest asset is a vivid and ever ready blush. German is distasteful to her soft voice.

BENTON PORT

"If naebody cares for me,
"I'll care for naebody."

One of the best business men of the class. He has a peculiar sense of humor which makes him a very agreeable person to be associated with. He is also very prominent in photographic circles. Altho Business Manager of the Nuisance, he is also the Staff Photographer, and has lost several cameras in attempting to take pictures of a few members of M. H. S.

LOUISE RATTIS

"Too gentle of meen she seemed."

This lady makes her advent, not from the Smokehouse Village north of us, but from the city of Herbemont, thus her peculiar air of lofty indifference to the small concerns of this place. She has the appearance of cold disdain and "uninterest" to the concerns of this planet, and, it might be added, when pressed to it will stand up for woman's rights.



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MARGARET ROSE

"She greets your jests with renewed laughter—
Oh, she's the girl the wits are after."

One of our best scholars and a joy to the teachers. She is also known for her histrionic ability and she has always reflected credit on her class in any "dramatic" event which she has participated in.

JAMES J. REID

"Jim"

"All the great men are dying and I don't feel very well myself."

The Editor is a mystery that has never been solved and is therefore very interesting to certain of the Senior girls. He has a natural thirst for knowledge and will become a man of achievements. Could Destiny speak, it would undoubtedly relate an interesting account of this young man's future, for he will certainly figure in either political or literary circles or in both.

LUCILE SARTOR

"She is a queen in all her ways."

A popular member of the class and a born leader. One of the few found in High School with the initiative necessary to "run" a class successfully. She is always willing to work for the good of her class and her efforts in this line are never in vain. Future classes will miss much if they do not find a person in their midst to take up the work of this girl.

BESSIE STEELE

"Bess"

"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laughed and danced and talked and sung."

The Senior lady of Mystery. She is characterized by her penetrating glance and the fascination she exerts over certain Senior youths. She has no affinity for the useful practicalities of Domestic Science or Bookkeeping, preferring the bright light of the stage. She has proved herself a success as an agent, outselling the majority in theatre tickets.

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THOMAS STEWART

"So young, (for as yet I am not twenty!)"

Tommy never created any sensations, neither was he unpopular. Very reticent and unpretending, he is found at home in the machine shop where he is of greatest value to society, being a mechanic by nature. "Every man hath his gifts" so since he never roguishly broke the laws of the school, we may feel confident that he will develop into a good citizen.

GUY TERHUNE

"Twelve years ago I was a boy,

A happy boy."

He is steadily climbing the ladder. The chief aim of his life is to become a noted pedagogue. Many boys of the lower classes are his intimate acquaintances, bound in the strongest ties of friendship. He is noted for his ability on the diamond, having spent many happy hours in that popular recreation.

DOROTHY TEVIS

"Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies."

Our latest acquisition. She created quite a "stir" upon her arrival and still occupies all the thoughts of one of the most prominent members of the Senior class.

MERYLE TRUAX

"None like her; none."

A girl of notable charm and sweetness who is the solace and standby of the Civics teacher. She came here last year from Monrovia, but is now recognized as a part of us. She looks upon life with due seriousness, but is undecided which course to follow as her career; whether the shining lights and awe inspired audiences, as a concert pianist, or a blue apron and cake pan as a cheerful housekeeper.



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MARY WERSHING

"Wersh"

"One vast, substantial, smile."

Without doubt the most cheerful person in the Senior class. She is never without candy, peanuts or some sort of refreshments with which she consoles downhearted Senior boys. Joy making of any kind delight her, and a class picnic is never complete without her cheerful face. For consumers of the midnight oil she has nothing but scorn.

CHARLES PATTON

"Chuck"

"What wondrous life is this I lead!"

A distinct personality, compelling will, unabashed in any position but with a sense of propriety; a strongly masculine young man. Not having a great love for books and hard study, he often successfully gave impromptu recitations in classes where others would have failed. He often displayed the ability of a genius in quick and witty replies to a teacher.

BASIL WILLIAMS

"Base"

"I whistle so's I won't be feared!"

He has a dominating sense of humor and is always the first and greatest appreciator of his own jokes. He is the pet of the girls in the Senior rows, but does not take this seriously as his heart is elsewhere, and his interest in school centers in the Department.

"If a jolly set is trolling
The Tipperary air,
Or a cannon-cracker rolling
Comes bouncing down the stair,
The teachers looking out
Sigh, 'Alas, there is no doubt,
It's the noise of the boys
Of the class of Sixteen."

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Underclassmen

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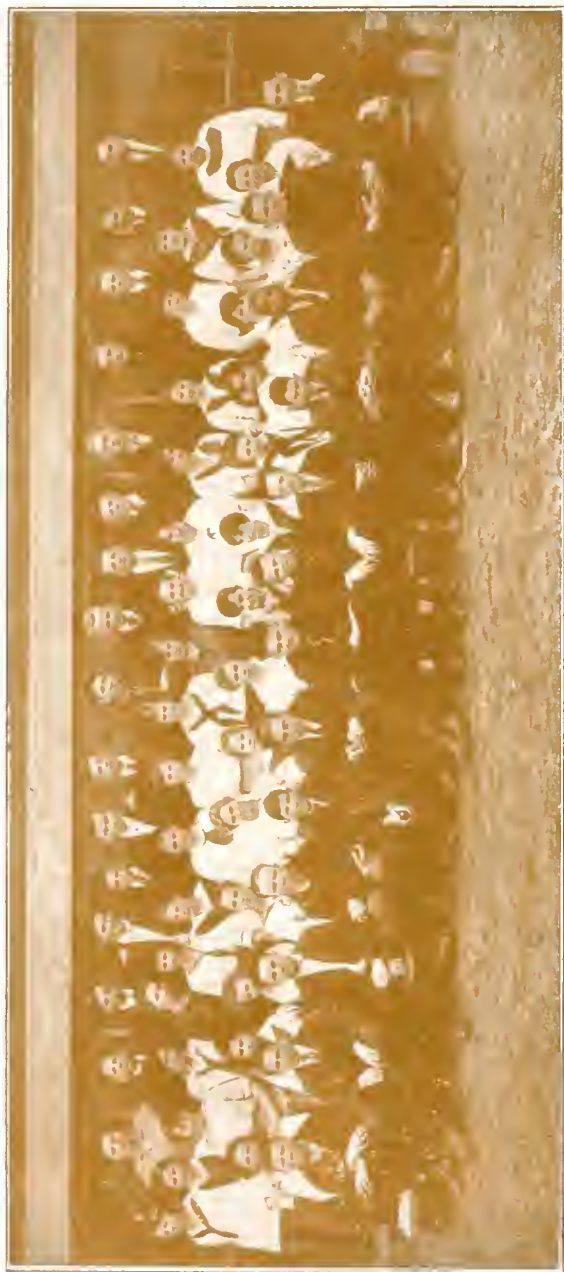
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CLASS OF '17.



"Science comes, but slowly slowly,
moving on from point to point."

CLASS OF '18



"Knowledge comes but Wisdom lingers."

CLASS OF '19.



"My salad days when I was green in judgement"

CLASS OF '20.





CLASS OF '21.

OFFICERS OF UNDERCLASSMEN.

JUNIORS.

President, Herman Sanders
Vice-President, Bruce Mars
Sec.-Treasurer, Louise Percy

SOPHOMORES.

President, Tronie Isenhower
Vice-President, Albert Frye
Sec.-Treasurer, Elmer Cure

FRESHMEN

President, Angus Townsend
Vice-President, Mona Hickman
Sec.-Treasurer, George Sandy

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LITERARY

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A FORGIVENESS

CHARLES PATTON.

OSTENSIBLY Si was a farmer and a blacksmith and occasionally a cattle drover, but as the agricultural region about him was poor and the pasturage, though extensive, was inferior, being covered chiefly with bunch grass and low brush, a diet to which sheep and cattle did not take kindly and upon which with the perversity of "dumb critters" they refused to fatten, the income from even a triple employment like this would seem necessarily limited.

But genius is always superior to circumstances, so Emerson says, and Si exemplified the saying by always having an abundance of the comforts of life and plenty of money. His wife always appeared in a new dress at each annual protracted meeting; his boys wore store shoes, and always had powder in their gourd and shot in their pouches. As for Si himself he owned a breech-loading gun even a drummer might not disdain, and used real smokeless powder cartridges. His neighbors were told by visiting friends from across the river in Amite county that Si actually paid two and a half cents apiece for these, and the neighbors heard the statement with unconcealed wonder at such evidences of wealth.

When collections were taken up for what the preacher called "the spreading of the gospel of the sweet Savior among the heathens in China and the pore Catholics in New Orleans," Si always put in a dollar, Mrs. Hardsook fifty cents, the boys a dime each and little Lodelia, the only girl in the family, a silver quarter. In consequence Si passed for a deeply religious man and the parson always called him Brother Hardsook.

Nor was Si's generosity purely ecclesiastical. He had been frequently known to leave the railroad with as many as two one gallon jugs of "licker" and arrive home with the jugs, owing to a liberal sampling on his own part and a generous distribution of the same to all he met, who universally at first refused to drink, but finally consented, being as how Si offered the licker and they would "moist a littler" not as they were wine bibbers and ghttonons, but would take a swig for the good of their "inwards."

Most of his neighbors drank what was offered them and asked no questions and made no remarks. But some of them were deeply and audibly perplexed as to where Si got all his money. Certain circumstances connected with Si would linger in their minds and what was worse break

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out on their tongues. They would comment how the neighbors of Si had their cattle disappear just when they were "most fitten" for market. But in that great unfenced country what was there to prevent cattle from straying? "Dumb critters," said Si, "are mighty biggity and roaming-some, anyhow, and will sometimes just rush to their ruin."

Sometimes in the fall country stores near him were robbed and their safes blown open just after the money had been received from the town banks to pay for the incoming cotton. It was a strange coincidence that after such robberies Si had more money and distributed more "lieker" than usual. But Si said, life is full of such coincidences and mystery, according to the scriptures. "Leastwise," added he, "that is what the parson says the words say, and I ain't the man to dispute a licensed minister of the gospel, nor is yon, nuther, neighbor?" he would ask of his listener as he longingly toyed with the trigger of his famous gun.

"No, indeed," replied the neighbor with alacrity, edging off a little. "I don't dispute the parson nuther yon. You air both right as fer as I know on."

Still some folks would prove "too leaky of tongue" in regard to Si's affairs, and it was strange how the corneribs and cotton houses of these "measly back-cappers" as Si called them, had a habit of taking fire in the night.

But one day the grand jury actually indicted Si for grand larceny. He was accused of stealing ten head of cattle from Mart Swiggles. The chief witness against Si was Dunc Swarrington, a good-natured farmer too stupid to be dishonest, whose farm adjoining the road over which Si had to drive the cattle to New Orleans. The testimony was strong for the state. Si could almost hear the grating of the penitentiary doors as they swung open to receive him. "It was an awful experience for a Christian," he used to say in after years, but then he would add, "the Lord loveth whom he chases."

Si went upon the stand and testified on his own behalf. He acknowledged that he sold the cattle. It was true he was a farmer, he said, looking at the farmer jurors, a stockman if they would. He was uneducated, too, no hanger-around of lawyers and courtrooms, for he thought an honest farmer's place was in the field, and not loafing around among them that represented corporations and merchants and so he did not know much law but he was a Christian and an alliance man, and he hoped he did know what was right, if he did not know what was lawful, "two mighty different things," he said, "as some among you knows, what has had homes closed

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out under deeds of trust for debts you never made and things you never bought."

The sale of the cattle, he went on, had come about this way. He was going to New Orleans with a fine herd. Among them was a most likely male. "I wish you could have seen him jedge," he said deferentially to that magnate. "He had great shiney horns, same as if they were polished up for powder horns, and curls like a city gal right down between the horns. And was as high steppin' as a preacher or a railroad conductor."

As he was driving this male by Mart's pasture, Mart's heifers had loped out and mixed with his cattle. He had called for Mart, but he could not make Mart hear. He, himself had driven the heifers out of the cattle at least four times, but they just would come back. The attractions of that male was simply terrible, no preacher was more powerful among the sisters. It looked like witchcraft or hoodoo or something to that warn't natural.

Finally he tired out driving such contrary minded brutes. "A man can't be expected even by the law, to spend his whole time fooling with a passell of cows when he's got an honest living to make. So he was forced to let Mart's old heifers go plumb to thunder; but, would they believe it, they had actually followed him clear to New Orleans. What was he to do with them? Leave them in the streets to be taken up and appropriated by the city folks? Not much! They already got a plenty of country folks' stuff anyway, by closing out mortgages and deeds of trust without just making them a present of the finest cattle in Chicot county. So he had been compelled to sell those heifers along with his own. Moreover, he was tender hearted and could not bear to part them from that likely male. It was true he had never offered Mart the money but he had not had time to do so. With his wife sick, and Lodelia puning around all the time, and grass just a-whooping in his cotton, he had not been able to go over to Mart's and take the money. He was going to do so on the very next day, when the sheriff had come and jailed him. "To show you gentlemen," he concluded, "that I hain't got hard feeling again' Mart, though I ain't saying he ain't treated me wrongful, I will give him the vally of them heifers here and now." With that he flung the money on the table in the courtroom. The jury retired and soon brought in a verdict of not guilty.

As the crowd was pouring out of the courtroom Si nudged Dunc on the arm and said, "So, you swore again' me did you, Dunc?"

"I had to, Si. I war on oath to tell the truth."

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"That's alright about the truth," said Si sarcastically. "We all knows you just love the truth, just fattens on it. And I ain't denying that the truth is a good thing in its place, but I want to leave with you, that the truth don't stop no lead."

As he walked homeward Dunc decided that a change of air would be good for his wife's lungs so he sold out his little property at sacrifice and moved to Louisiana.

One night after the family prayers Si's oldest boy said, "Pap, when are you going to kill that houn' of a Dunc Swarrington?"

"When the crops are laid by, Sonnie. I'm too busy now to indulge in pleasure, business fust, my boy."

One morning when the last furrow had been plowed and there was no blacksmith work to be done, Si said to his wife, "Mammy, hand me my gun, I guess I've got time to kill Dunc now."

A two days ride brought him to Dunc's place. He slipped through the brush to where Dunc was plowing. He slowly trudged behind a gaunt steer and a worn out plow. His clothes were tattered and his cheeks thin and pale. Not far off Dunc's boys were mending a gap in the dilapidated fence and his baby girl was huddled up in a fence corner covered by a tattered shawl. Suddenly Si confronted him with his gun. Taken by surprise Dunc started and trembled but soon recovered and faced his enemy without blanching.

"Don't shoot the kids, Si," was all he said.

But Si replied, "Don't be nowise oneasy, I rode a hundred miles to kill you but guess you are wuss off here than you would be in Hell. I freely and fully fergive you."

Si then started off but wheeled suddenly and pitched a silver dollar at the amazed Dunc's feet. "Here, buy thet air peak-faced young-un' a square meal, he looks hungry."

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THE DAWN OF TOMORROW.

(A DREAM OF TODAY.)

JAMES JOHNSTON REID.



HEW, but it is hot," I gasped, opening my eyes as I did so, "and such a cramped position," I further ejaculated, not fully awake as yet. "And my neck. Oh, my neck," I continued, endeavoring to straighten said member, much to my discomfort.

But at that moment my eyes fell on my surroundings, and surely a more dumbfounded person never drew breath on this terrestrial ball. So startled was I that perforce I must resort to that old yet common remedy of rubbing one's optics.

"I'll be swiblergenomerated," I needs must ejaculate, and turned my gaze from the room to my arms.

They would not move!

Furthermore, and adding fuel to my inflamed mind, they were bound hard and fast, swathed to my body with many folds of dusty linen.

I then would have rubbed my polar extremity but for the fact that said useful limbs, the arms, were in such a peculiar state of juxtaposition with relation to my body.

So I again ejaculated, "I'll be swiblergenomerated, but this is an unpleasant state to wake up in!"

And it was.

But now my amazement was further heightened, for in close proximity to my person, some voices were articulating excitedly in a tongue unknown to me.

Craning my head as far forward as my position would permit, I was able to look down upon the objects of my attention.

For the third time my arms unconsciously strove to reach my head.

The effort, however, destroyed my equilibrium and down I plunged fairly into the midst of a group of bald-headed individuals who were intently viewing what appeared to be the remnants of a—FORD!

Luckily (or unluckily, depending upon whose viewpoint is considered) I found myself cushioned upon the recumbent form of a person of no mean girth; he too astonished to say, "Howdy!". I too frightened to say, "Your pardon."

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In consequence we lay there speechless. The companions of said gentleman, evidently believing that a change of position would be to our mutual benefit, assayed to lift me from my couch.

At this crucial moment I inadvertently screamed "Help!"

The effect was magical. No more could have been expected of "Sesame." I thought that the earth had opened beneath me, but at last I discovered that I was in my former position, much to the evident discomfort of the gentleman beneath.

"Help!" I screamed again. For the aforesaid gentleman had taken this opportunity to faint.

The others had fled, so left to my own devices, I tried to think.

"Oh, yes," I muttered with glee, "I remember now, this is TOMORROW. Last night, at my friend the doctor's laboratory, the yielding of myself to science, and lastly embalmed alive, to be awakened in a couple of hundred years. I wonder what time it is?"

But at this juncture the man beneath me grunted. "So you are the mummy!" he finally muttered.

"Certainly, sir," I responded. "I was embalmed last night for a couple of hundred years. Where am I and what time is it?"

At this question, or at my explanation, rather, my friend of the recumbent figure began to tremble.

"This, sir," he responded, "is the Fewcher Museum, City Tewbee, on the planet known as the world. The year is 301,925 A. D. The day, I believe, is about the 20th of your month of May."

It was my turn to tremble.

"Then this is not TOMORROW—this is three hundred thousand years in the FUTURE."

"If you please, sir," he interrupted my reverie, "if you could move sufficiently to let me arise. This is most interesting, sir, most interesting."

"I should smile," I returned, making a rueful effort to do so; "well, I should smile."

At last he got to his feet and called vociferously, but in vain. Turning to me, with much effort, he brought me to my feet where I towered above him.

"Thank you, sir."

"You shall dine with me," he said irrelevantly. "You shall meet my family, sir."

"Thank you," I responded mechanically, my observation bent toward that well-known article, the Ford. "What is that doing here?"

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"These, sir, are our most treasured relics," he replied, pointing vaguely toward the whole end of the hall. "That was found several years ago in an excavation near the capital. Thirty-five theses have been written as to its probable use, but as yet nothing has definitely been determined."

I gazed at the rusty, time-worn mechanism mutely. My companion evidently enjoyed the task of elucidating concerning his relics, "his," as he was the superintendent of the museum, he informed me.

I now noticed a keg, a keg of the variety I might add, that were hauled through the streets of yore, behind huge percheros and lowered then into mammoth cellars beneath foul-odored apartments. Above, the contents of the kegs were sold by portly bartenders in dirty aprons to more portly gentlemen in the various uniforms of their class.

"That," my guide announced, pointing to the aforesaid keg, "is an antique whose great age is beyond question. It is a relic of barbarism, of an era at the dawn of history when man began to think himself an indestructible organization of indestructible parts and acted accordingly. Analyzing the fluid found in the vessel, it was discovered to be a virulent poison. A quadrangular debate was held on Mars, delegates from Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune and this orb participating. That learned body at last gave the verdict that the liquid was used in the era of savagery as a method of slow suicide, and furthermore, owing to the large number of vessels found, suicide by this method must have been exceedingly popular at one time. Very clever, was it not?"

I, however, was too much amazed at the decision of that august assemblage to answer at the time.

"This," my guide continued, "is also an antiquity." Following his gaze, I noted what appeared to be the remnants of some tobacco, sealed in a glass box. "I found that myself," he proceeded, visibly puffing with pride as he pointed to the half-burned cigar. "While conducting excavations in Telluria, we found that and also the oldest prose writing of this sphere, 'Strive and Succeed,' by that master of English, Horatio Alger, Jr."

As may be supposed, I was too much astonished to interrupt, and so he continued his explanations.

"Those vile-smelling weeds (pointing to the tobacco) we at last discovered to have been given to this use. The leaf was cremated and the gas given off was used to destroy vermin and other pests of like nature. Right, were we not?"

"Certainly, sir," I returned, thinking of the enormous quantities of

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the weed consumed in my day and the logical conclusion that vermin and other pests were very abundant at that time.

"This," my companion went on in his discourse, "is the first poem composed by men of this planet. This, sir, marks the dawn of literature on this globe. This, sir, is a relic worthy of all the precautions we use in connection with this museum. This, sir, I dare say, every student of the English language can repeat verbatim. This constitutes, with a prose work before mentioned, the only extant literature of a language long since dead."

Bending over the casket wherein the relique lay enshrined I deciphered in almost imperceptible characters, "O CUT, O CUT THIS LEG AWAY, BY THE BARD OF ALAMO."

"Such," I muttered, "is the knowledge of YESTERDAY. Proceed, please."

Together we ascended a flight of stairs. "This way out," my guide explaining.

As I reached the roof I was confronted with an enormous statue, towering high into the sky.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"That, my dear friend," he answered, "is the representation of the greatest man the universe has ever produced. Our greatest statesman, sir, Mr. Aulweighs Phicksitup. He, sir, is the man who dropped the period from the language."

I was certainly astonished.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because, sir," here he chuckled assiduously, "because, sir, if there was no period in the language, then there would be no necessity for the period on the vest pocket typewriter. And if there was no period on the typewriter, the typewriter could then be reduced in size. And if the typewriter was reduced in size the vest pockets could also be reduced. And if the vest pockets were reduced in size, it would not take as much material to make them. And if it did not take as much material, then so much would not have to be shipped here from Saturn. Consequently we would have the balance of trade on our side. See? Very ingenious, was it not?"

"Very," I returned, thinking of our own great statesmen and their wonderful reasoning ability.

By this time he had led me to a queer craft into which we stepped and without more ado had descended on another roof.

"Remarkable," I gasped, thinking of the journey.

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"Come on in, sir, and meet my daughter."

Pondering deeply over the various wonders I had heard of, I suddenly found myself inside the structure, with a very weak feeling in the pit of my stomach.

"Remarkable!" I found utterance at last.

"Very," returned my host, looking beyond me to some one entering the room. "My daughter, Mr.—ah—I've forgotten your name, sir, a thousand pardons."

"Headrick—Tom Headrick, if you please. But I do not remember that we exchanged knowledge of our handles, sir."

"To be sure, to be sure. I am A. Guy Asyetunborn, sir; my daughter, Miss Rouge."

"Pleased to meet you, I am sure," I returned.

To my amazement the girl giggled! Giggled in my presence, Thomas W. Headrick, of Chicago! Astonishing!

But fortunately my host interrupted, thus, "My dear friend, she does not understand a single syllable you utter. She can only speak the Purphekt language. I, perhaps, am the only person drawing breath who has learned the ancient tongue called English. She can recite for you, though, if you please, "Cut, Oh, Cut My Leg Away!"

And then he broke into that peculiar speech that had so astonished me before. But the girl suddenly stepped forward and with a peculiar shrug over the "E's," recited the poem, "Cut, Oh, Cut My Leg Away."

"Thank you," I said when she finished.

My guide translated this, and the girl having replied, he now made this startling speech.

"She says she hates you. You are too tall and you have such funny colored eyes!"

He said this with much embarrassment and finishing took me by the arm and hurriedly left the room. Of course I knew she was much taken with me, by her speech, so fell to wondering about her appearance, not having been able in the dazzling light of the room to see her to my satisfaction.

Mechanically I bathed, clothed myself, and was led to the hall again, scarce noting the procedure.

I again found myself in the presence of the girl, and my eyes being better accustomed to the light, I was able to note her appearance. Imagine my surprise and amazement when I found that no hair graced her head, but

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instead a queer design was worked upon the crown with what appeared to be sticking plaster!

"The old order changeth, yielding place to the new," I found myself repeating. "Perhaps those patches are as well there as on the cheeks!"

Dinner was served, but I scarce comprehended it, so numbed was my brain from my experiences. At last I found myself asking my host why he slurred the letter "E."

"My dear sir," he responded, "that was a magnificent bit of reasoning. Mr. Brilliantman's name will forever be enscrolled in the Halls of Fame. The fact was we always noticed that in printing, typewriting, etc., the letter 'E' would invariably have to be replaced first. So he eliminated the 'E.' Marvelous reasoning, was it not?"

"Very," I responded.

The meal being concluded, my host, his daughter and myself proceeded to the music room. Soon, however, the father left us alone and, the daughter playing a peculiar kind of musical instrument, I had time for thought. Strange to say, I was glad that my life was spanning those centuries, in fact I could not quite decide whether to settle down and court the daughter of my acquaintance (for she was not ill-favoured as to looks despite the fact that she wore no hair on her head, besides it is probably better to wear none than to wear some one else's) or to get embalmed for another three hundred thousand years.

"Perhaps," I reflected, as I endeavored to sleep that night, "perhaps I had better visit the wonders of the world as my hostess had so kindly invited me to do, and spend the next day with her."

"Her," I reflected, "I've only known 'her' for a few hours, yet—yet in fact I admire 'her!' "

"So here's hoping I have a pleasant morrow!"

MRS. JONES' TEA PARTY.

ALICE BREEDLOVE.



AS she looked in the mirror before descending the stairs to meet her guests Lucile Starke was conscious with a glow of satisfaction that she looked very well. The shimmering green of her gown brought out gracefully her girlish slenderness. Above the low cut bodice a thin gold chain gleamed, two jade bracelets clinked on one rounded arm. She smiled back at the vision of her own joyously flushed face. And giving the velvet rose at her belt a final pat, she went slowly down the stairs. As she stepped into Mrs. Jones' pleasant living room, the door was just opening on Mrs. Jackson and Miss Bagley, Lucile entered and greeted them gracefully. Frequently after that the little bronze doorbell rung and smiling ladies were ushered in.

The bright room was soon full of gaily chatting visitors and Mrs. Jones in accordance with her own individual custom at tea parties, wheeled among them her beautifully appointed tea wagon, the pride of her heart. As the cart passed her and Lucile helped herself to a cup, her hostess noticed sitting quietly between her and the stout Mrs. Harrison a plain, unobtrusive, small person. She flushed a little.

"Lucile," she said gaily, "You have not met Miss Flen yet? She is one of our few young peo-ple," she finished with an effort.

For Lucile had suddenly clutched her cup so startledly that the hot liquid splashed over the saucer. Her eyes broadened. Her breathing became obviously quicker. She turned her face striving for calm, upon Miss Flen.

"Pardon me," she murmured faintly, "Miss Flen? I had not expected to see you here so soon—I thought—"

"You must be mistaken, Lucile," Mrs. Jones interrupted, "this is our own quiet Angelica."

"But I am not," Lucile insisted. "It is Miss Angelica Flen of Davidsonville that I am thinking of, I beg your pardon," she said turning to the person in question. "I am sorry I was so troublesome, and I hope I have not hurt your feelings fatally by recalling sad memories to you."

"Miss Flen nodded gravely bewildered. Lucile tremblingly took a sip of tea, and Mrs. Jones interposed a remark on the weather in an effort to detach the glances of her guests from Lucile and Miss Flen.

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Lucile had noticed her before, a quiet, little thing with a plain face, smooth brown hair and brown eyes with a rather wistful desire in their depths. And she had also noticed that among the others this one had been overlooked and her mind had leaped to the thought that here was a fair start for winning the bet she made. She had acted accordingly.

The party proceeded pleasantly if somewhat constrainedly, and Lucile found it necessary to summon all her self assurance to keep from flushing under the glances of the other ladies, who seemed unable to keep their eyes away from her.

Mrs. Jackson was asked to sing and responded sweetly with, "How Do I Know I Love You," while Miss Bagley, who had the distinction of having studied piano in Boston, in her turn executed "Dawn at Night," by Nickolaff. Mrs. Jenkins took advantage of the small stir of Miss Bagley's performance, as well as the empty chair left by that lady to beckon Lucile to her, and under cover of the applause whispered hastily:

"Tell me, what is it you know of our Angelica, you seemed so startled you have quite aroused my curiosity."

"Really, I cannot tell, Mrs. Jenkins," replied Lucile solemnly, "only that this is the same girl of whom I heard, and I know I have not been misinformed."

"But who told you?" Her questioner interposed a final query, the others were settling down in their chairs.

Lucile sighed.

"Someone I trusted greatly,—once."

She lowered her lashes, but not until Mrs. Jenkins had followered her side glance and noticed on Mrs. Jones' precise little table a new article, a picture, the photograph of a young man.

"Oh," she murmured as if half enlightened.

"Mrs. Jenkins has made a discovery," came the gay voice of Mrs. Jackson across the room, "and I am sure it must be a very interesting one."

She indicated the picture and the eyes of all fastened themselves upon it with such frank interest Lucile felt her face color involuntarily.

"Who would have suspected we had such romance in our midst," Mrs. Harrison took up. "Can you not tell us the name, Miss Stark? You know that no one ever gets too old to be thrilled by a love story."

"Oh, I cannot," Lucile was conscious that she was the target of interest. She flushed again and then paled.

"I did not know it was"—

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She rose irresolutely and lifted the picture from its place, then set it down again.

"Do not think I am rude," she seemed to speak with difficulty, "but I cannot tell you anything about him save that he lives in New York. But I do not—cannot speak of him more."

She sat down and there was an awkward pause. Then Mrs. Harrison, who loved the scent of romance, spoke gently:

"I beg your pardon."

And Mrs. Jones assisted by others of her guests resolutely turned the conversation into different channels.

When finally the last guest had gone, Mrs. Jones pushed the tea cart out of sight, closed the door resolutely and turned to Lucile.

"Now do tell me," she demanded, "what was the matter with you this afternoon, and what mystery is connected with Angelica Fleu?"

Lucile's face assumed a painful expression.

"Please don't ask me, Aunt Erma," she implored, for I can't tell you and I will only incur your anger by a refusal.

"But your telling me isn't like those others Lucile," Mrs. Jones urged. "I am your aunt and you are my guest and I feel it my duty to know. You see, Angelica is part of the society of this town, and—well," she concluded triumphantly seeing Lucile remained obdurate. "It evidently isn't very important for everyone knows Angelica is the quietest girl in town and hardly ever goes away."

Lucile faced her quietly.

"Remember," she said, "that time a year ago when she was at Bridgeport? And at the same time—Albert—he was there," she pointed toward the picture.

"Likely it concerns him too, then," exclaimed Mrs. Jones in exasperation. "In that case, I shall not be surprised whatever it is. From the way you act, I should not wonder at anything he did."

Lucile turned her face away for a moment and when she looked up again her eyes were wet.

Instantly Mrs. Jones' animosity fled. She went to Lucile.

"Pardon me, dearie," she begged, "I didn't mean to hurt you."

Lucile drew herself gently away.

"Certainly," she said with dignity, "It is nothing, only remember," she stipulated as she opened the door to her room, "that its these quiet persons like Angelica who are likely to have the most to conceal."

In her own room with the door safely closed Lucile allowed herself

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the relief of unleashing a great deal of emotion. When she was calm her handkerchief was a damp ball, but she wore a strange look, quite lacking in resignation as she wrote a hasty note. She went quietly out a side door to mail it. It was addressed to David Paul Starke, who happened to be her best loved brother.

The next day passed quietly and Lucile drew a breath of regret that she was fated to spend several days of uneventful quiet in the little town.

But her predictions were not to be so. On the day following came invitations from Miss Bagley to bring embroidery for a quiet afternoon. Lucile accepting gladly found a subtle change somewhere. Miss Fleu instead of being unnoticed to the point of oblivion, occupied by tacit consent the center of interest, or rather, this interest had a double center and Lucile found herself the other. It was a novel sensation, distinctly enjoyable. And she noticed also there was a more live air about this gathering, an interest seemed to be between them. Lucile appreciated the sympathy given to her for her abstracted paleness, an air she had been careful to assume. But when the ladies parted, it was still with baffled curiosity.

It came to Lucile with jubilant force as she telephoned her acceptance to the fourth invitation the second week, that Davidsonville seemed to be awake after all. The time did not pass dully. With her fresh zeal in life, it was a pleasing thing to go to one of the Davidsonville social functions. To meet at parties young men who regarded her with tender solicitude, and to see how much Angelica's new air of self respect became her and how she enjoyed the novelty of being sought after.

"Well Lucy," her aunt spoke approvingly to her one fresh morning as she lay in the hammock—"You are making quite a social success in Davidsonville. Here are invitations from Mrs. Welch for a lawn party, and I hope you appreciate it, for Mrs. Welch seldom gives a party, but when she does, it is sure to outline all the ones which have been given since her last."

She stopped rather breathless and Lucile smiled as she took the softly tinted envelope from Mrs. Jones' hand. She was glad she had not yet worn her rose colored crepe in Davidsonville.

She was willing to believe her aunt's assertion as they came in view of Mrs. Welch's home, the night of the party. The pretty lawn was strung with Japanese lanterns underneath whose soft light strolled youths and maidens, romantically illumined.

There was a little stir when Mrs. Jones and Lucile arrived, which the

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latter was accustomed to by this time. But she soon discovered that the interest was stronger. The air seemed breathing with excitement. Lucile looked about her surprisedly.

Mrs. Welch hurried up presently.

"Listen," she said taking Lucile's arm. Her voice vibrated with excitement. "Don't be too surprised at what I tell you. But I've brought him to time at last, you didn't know Albert May was my nephew, did you? Well, I knew how you felt, I was young once, and I guessed about this mystery of Angelica, so I wrote him a good long letter and told him about you, and to come, that it could be settled. I've mended lover's quarrels before," she laughed a little, "and so he just sent a telegram saying he'd come. He's here now."

"But I can't see him, I won't," gasped Lucile in dismay, "I must go right now."

"Mrs. Harrison is bringing him," Mrs. Jones informed Lucile, detaining her by the arm.

"Here he is," came Mrs. Harrison's gay voice. "Now, Albert, make up with her and let us have peace."

With utter despair Lucile glanced into the face above her—the original of the picture which stood on Mrs. Jones' library table. The picture of her brother's elum which she had annexed.

"Alright," she heard a voice as in a dream and felt herself being led away dimly conscious that they were gazed at by the others with intense interest.

At a garden seat, sheltered from the light they stopped and Lucile found her voice.

"Really," she told him earnestly, "I did not choose that picture because it was you; but it was convenient for my purpose, and I had no idea you were connected with this little town." "Listen," she stopped him, "I made a bet with my brother, that I could arouse this sleepy place to interest and I succeeded." Her voice held a rising note of triumph.

"Evidently," he agreed.

"I did hear of Angelica Fleu before," she continued. "My brother, who had been here before, told me she was the dullest girl he ever met. They surrounded her with the mystery. And I did not once say I had been in—that we had known one another. I glanced at your picture and they inferred the rest. Now, does that satisfy you?" she breathed in relief.

"Not at all," he disagreed, "Really, I'd have liked it better the other way."

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"Look at Angelica," she proceeded, "that slender girl in yellow with the tall man. I have really done her good. Charles Harrison would never thought of looking at minteresting little Angelica before, but now clothed in mystery she dares to wear yellow and act alive."

"Yes," he assented, "I believe it all, so lets let Angelica alone. I see my aunt looking for us. Shall I tell her that she has succeeded in her purpose."

"You need not," Lucile assured him hastily.

"But she will be disappointed."

"Well,"—Lucile was weakening,—"Think what that means."

"Certainly," he acquiesced. "Why object? Do you, really?"

She hesitated.

"Well," she relented at last, "it would be sad to disappoint her, wouldn't it?"

And they rose and went forth under the glow of the lights.



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DRAMATICS.

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DRAMATICS

"The Three Chauffeurs," a comedy, was put on by the members of the Martinsville Department Club, under the direction of Miss Nora and Mr. Harry Hummel. Like all the plays they have put on here, it was a success. Several members of M. H. S. took prominent parts in the cast—Charles Patton, '16; Shirley Kriner, '16; Pauline Comer, '16; Dorothy Tevis, '16; Forest Thorne, '17, and Margory Rinker, '19. A number of M. H. S. girls and boys took part in the catchy choruses throughout the play.

The Department Club has been instrumental in putting several successful shows on this year. Among others was the Lincoln Day program given at the Grace Theatre. Miss Edith Cramer, '17, took part in this, posing as the wife of Lincoln in the living pictures. Another part of the program was an old-fashioned minuet danced by eight girls in the costumes of '63. The girls were: Misses Ruth Woody, '15; Mabel Pringle, '18; Bessie Steele, '16; Alberta Smith, '17; Myrle Truax, '16; Mildred Miller, '17; Pauline Comer, '16, and Mrs. John Adam Hill, '15. Mrs. Jones deserves a great deal of credit for the way in which she trained the girls for the minuet.

THE SENIOR CLASS PLAY.

The Senior class play, "Higbee of Harvard," was given on the evening of May 23. The play was somewhat later than usual, but it was well worth waiting for. That the class of 1916 had some able dramatic talent was certainly demonstrated by the play.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Watson W. Higbee, from Montana; a good fellow with millions, who knows neither fear nor grammar.....Raymond Lowder
Hon. V. D. Withrow, a blue-blooded ex-senator, with a tall family tree and a short bank account.....James Reid
Lorin Higbee, son of Watson; champion athlete of Harvard; in love with Madge.....Everett Shireman
Theodore Dalrymple, called "Ted"; worked his way through Harvard; in love with Nancy.....Walter Acheson
Higgins, the butler.....Wayne Abbott
Nancy Withrow, the senator's daughter; an up-to-date, level-headed girl.....Pauline Comer
Madge Cummings, from Montana; a quiet sort, with temper when needed.....Helen Fuselman
Mrs. Ballou, the senator's sister from New York, who meets her second affinity at the eleventh hour.....Margaret Rose
Mrs. Malvina Meddigrew, originally from Montana; must always be shown.....Miriam Mason

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SCENE FROM CLASS PLAY "HIGBEE OF HARVARD".

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OUR PLAY HOUSE

1916

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A synopsis follows:

Act 1—Lawn at the Withrow home, Brookline, Mass. Preparations for luncheon. Mrs. Ballou gives some orders. The senator announces an expected guest. "A grizzly bear!" Planning a marriage. "If Nancy marries young Higbee my mind will be at rest." Arrival of Watson and "the fellers." Some tough grammar. "I paid for him to git brains along with the other fixin's." The senator drops some hints. How Watson "led the German." Malvina and Higgins. "I'm a shy and retirin' critter as ever was." Higgins is shocked. "You ungentlemanly female!" Nan and Madge grow confidential. A faint and an overturned boat. Ted and Nan. An interruption. The senator's eyes are opened. Nan on her dignity. Lorin and Madge at cross purposes. The tangle increases. "My father—Mr. Higbee, Senior!"

Act 2—Drawing-room at Withrow's evening of same day. Madge and Watson disagree. How Watson tried to sing. Cross purposes. Malvina gets mad. "He fired me out!" Watson asserts himself. "I say nix for never!" Two ways of doing things. "I wasn't cut out for no meely-drammer villain!" A game of flirtation—and trouble. The fathers are deceived. "Paired off right!" A sudden awakening. Madge speaks out. Father and son. The quarrel. Watson lays down the law. "Take it or leave it—I don't budge." Nan and Tedd add to the trouble. The climax. Kicked out. Higgins "butts in" and gets "fired." Off for the West. "Good-by!"

Act 3—A mining camp in Montana, five months later. A hard luck crowd. Bread and potato diet. "Tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day, and no chance to steal a turkey!" A nightmare of a mine. "Tomorrow we starve!" An unexpected visitor. "It's that awful female woman!" "Isn't he cute?" Interesting news. Boston baked beans! A dream fulfilled. More visitors. A couple of would-be "stern parents." What Watson learned. When to apologize. "Lookin' down the throats of a pair o' Winchesters." Still more visitors. Malvina sings with dire results. Everybody in a maze. Higgins gets desperate. "I'll blow up that confounded mine!" Plain words. An explosion. A fortune at last. Matrimony in the air. Watson makes a match and is matched himself. A quadruple wedding and everybody invited. Finale.

The actors all carried out their parts to perfection, and we are sure if the author of the play could have seen it he would have rejoiced to find that at last his play was given as he meant it to be. But in praising the actors we must not forget to give a great part of the credit to Mrs. Walter Acheson, who so ably directed the play. Under her training the many good points of the play were brought out finely.

(This article was written *before* the play was given.)

The NUISANCE



1916

The NUISANCE



1916

20202020The NUISANCE20202020



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ATHLETICS

Under the able guidance of Professor R. E. Cravens and Mr. Hotchkiss the High School Athletic Association spent a most successful season in all branches of Athletics that were taken up. The first Football Team in several years was organized and played consistently against the veteran teams of such schools as Brazil, Greencastle, Noblesville and Brownsburg. Taking all into consideration, the results obtained this year were excellent, and with the experience acquired by the boys in the past season, a championship team can be expected next fall. In basketball a team was produced that perhaps was the best in the state, and would no doubt have copped the championship had they not been the victims of a serious mis- in the games the week before.

FOLLOWING IS A SUMMARY OF THE SEASON.

Martinsville's average, percentage figured on games won and lost throughout entire season,	-	-	-	-	.760
Martinsville's average, percentage figured on points scored by M. H. S. as opposed to points scored by opponents	-				.624
Points scored by M. H. S.,	-	-	-	-	850
Points scored by opponents	-	-	-	-	512

THE FOOTBALL TEAM.

Sanders, Capt.; Kriner; Shireman; Frye; Goss; Fishel; Davee; Stout; Crone; Teeters; Curtis; Wershing; Crone; Thorne; Baugh; Bales and Mitchell.

THE BASKETBALL TEAM.

Kriner, Capt.; Curtis, Sanders and Mars; Forwards; Goss, Shireman and Frye, Guards.

OUR "M" MEN.

At the close of the season, beautiful sweaters were presented to the following men for their work on the basketball floor during the past season.

Kriner, Goss, Shireman, Sanders and Curtis.

The NUISANCE



Hit 'em high
Hit 'em low



Yea, Martinsville,
Let's go.

202020 The NUISANCE 050505



LL TOGETHER

Boomalaca, boomalaca
Bow-wow-wow,
Chickalaca, chickalaca,
Chow-chow-chow,
Boomalaca, chickalaca
Rickety-russ
M. H. S. you bet that's us.



H YOU
MARTINSVILLE

The NUISANCE

REMINISCENCES



THE OLD ASSEMBLY HALL

Four years we've been together,
In our High School career,
Thru all sorts and kinds of weather,
With the friends we loved so dear.

The NUISANCE

We've strolled thru all the class rooms
And o'er the Building wide,
We've laughed and chatted merrily,
Each by his classmates side.
We've strolled around the school yard
Then to the 'Sembly Room,
When in spring the birds are singing,
And the flowers are all in bloom.
Each passes to his classes,
Until the hour of four,
When the old school gong is sounded—
One more school day is o'er.
We're now the jolly Seniors,
Just Forty Six are we,
Our sails are being gathered in,
For the gales of life's great sea.
Our future stands before us,
It stares us in the face,
We're making preparations,
For life's great Derby race.
School days will soon be over,
Schoolmates we'll cease to be,
But scattered o'er the country wide,
And e'en some from sea to sea.
Thru the fields of life's great struggles,
Or in times of great distress,
Nothing sweeter can be remembered,
Than the days of M. H. S.



The NUISANCE

O K E S

IS IT HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?

BY ROGER BEAN, '17.



Last Tuesday when I first woke up,
I thought the wind would roast me,
And when old Sol came o'er the hill,
I thought his breath would toast me.

I managed, tho, to don my clothes,
Just as I always do,
Pa met me at the door and said:
"Is it hot enough for you?"
"O, yes," I grunted back at him,
And never cracked a smile,
For well he knew that I was 'bout
To smother all the while.

I went to school and at the door
I met our friendly Sue,
The first thing that she said was this:
"Is it hot enough for you?"
I tried to smile as I walked in,
But Gee Whiz, I was sore,
And as I struck the upper hall,
A man stood at the door.
I thought he'd say "Good morning"
As the teachers always do,
But instead he asked the question
"Is it hot enough for you?"
I vowed I'd stay no longer there
To be greeted thus all day
So I put on somewhat extra speed,
And made my "get away."
I went down to the swimming hole—
Some boys were down there too,
And when they saw me, they yelled out:
"Is it hot enough for you?"
I've tried in vain to get away,
I've missed it every time,
And now I've given up all hopes,
Of any cooler clime.
I've decided, when I pass away,
And bid this world adieu,
That the first thing I shall hear will be:
"Is it hot enough for you?"

The NUISANCE

J O K E S

Soph—"Say, they have stopped sending mail to Washington."
Freshie—"Is that so? Why?"
Soph—"He's dead."

Freshie—"Doctor, will you give me something for my head?"
Doctor—"I wouldn't take it as a gift."

There was a young chink named Sing Sing,
Who fell from a trolley car—bing!
The con turned his head,
And looked round and said,
"The car's lost a washer—ding, ding!"

Rae J. (giving the life of Thackeray)—"His wife became insane soon after her death."

A girl who didn't like to say "spit" nor "pants," once saw a Spitz dog coming down the street and said, "Just see how that Saliva dog trousers."

Mr. Hines—"Why do you make light of this subject?"
Student—"Because it's gas."

Teacher—"Tommy, tell about the Dead Sea."
Tommy—"I don't know."
Teacher—"Don't you know anything about the Dead Sea?"
Tommy—"Didn't know one had ever been sick."

Atlas was the original hold-up man.
Rae: (after deep silence)—"What are you thinking about, Frank?"
Frank: "The same thing you are thinking of."
Rae: "Oh, Frank! If you are I'll scream for Papa."

Lives of great men all remind us
We should always do our best,
And departing, leave behind us,
Notebooks that will help the rest.

The NUISANCE

J O K E S

Professor Abbott—"Larry, you will lead tomorrow's recitation."
Larry (half asleep)—"'Taint my lead; I dealt."

Scientific name for snoring—"Sheet Music."

We laugh at teachers' jokes,
No matter what they be;
Not because they're funny,
But because it's policy.

Two Irishmen walking along the street.
"Look what beautiful hide that girl has," cried Pat.
"You must say skin, Pat," said Mike.
The next Sunday at church Pat sang, "Skin me! Oh, My Savior, Skin Me."

A man who sells shower baths on five days' trial, sent one out to a man in the rural district and told him if at the end of five days he was not satisfied to send it back. He received the following answer:

"Your shower bath looks good, but I ain't had no chance to try it because the five days passed before Saturday night came around."

Cupid never shoots unless he "Mrs."

Myrle—"I went home to see my parents over Sunday."
Miss House—"Well, how did you find them?"
Myrle—"Oh, easy; I know where they live."

"Don't you worry about those poor boys in the trenches?"
"I ought to, I know, and I would but the fact is I'm in the hole most of the time myself."

Our father slipped upon the ice
Because he couldn't stand.
He saw the glorions stars and stripes;
We saw our Fatherland.

The NUISANCE

INSANITY.

Insanity is something that other people have and you haven't; for instance, if a poor simp does something unprecedented and in nonconformity with your categories, he has (to your mind) a spark of insanity wandering about through his mental pabulum. When a person is insane he is dubbed crazy. There are times when one will admit he is crazy, for example, if you, in a moment of mental aberration, should chance to send some one's immortal soul to the pale shades of Orcus, you and your lawyer will argue that you are off your nut.

Sometimes insanity is determined by one's financial status; thus, if a meek little guy, with a patch the size of a pocket handkerchief sewed laterally across the posterior region of his pantaloons, should attempt to promenade down the public highway barefoot and bareheaded, the consensus of opinion would be that said meek little guy was rapidly nearing the door of the boobyhatch. But on the other hand, if a man whose moniker bore a string of A's in Dunn or Bradstreet, should walk upon his eyebrows from the postoffice to the courthouse, such action would be classed as one of Mr. James Orphington Doodle's pranks and the perpetrator would only be termed eccentric.

Every one has a spark of insanity somewhere in their system because the genus homo is not a perfect machine and in the best of machines the engine misses once in a while. Insanity is like a gob of powder in one's think tank and requires just the right spark to blow up the works. A man who eats three squares a day and works like sixty may be crazy as a bed-bug on politics or religion, and an otherwise perfectly rational female of the species may go into hysterics if compelled to wear the same lid two seasons; a short-sighted naturalist who knows enough to come in out of the rain may be persuaded to do a Brodie off of Lookout mountain or dive into the Dead sea after a new specimen of the orangotangus spifflicatus.

Insanity is a rare thing among animals but among humans an insane impulse once the whim of some boob takes the form of an epidemic and becomes acute or breaks out as a fad; custom being an unwritten law which gives a man the privilege to do many outlandish things without comment by reason of this universality; and a whim which has reached the debutaute stage and makes its debut into society.

But cheer up, many a man who had peculiar ideas circulating in his dome has been termed crazy yet somehow managed to grow up and become a good citizen.

The NUISANCE

CALENDAR

- Sept. 13 Registration day.
243 enrolled in High School.
- “ 14 Nuisance distributed. Lecture for H. S. students at Switow's Theatre under the auspices of Anti-Tuberculosis Society.
- “ 15 Dixie Day. School dismissed at 11:00 A. M. for rest of day. Gov. Ralston made speech in afternoon.
- “ 16 Seniors select class pins. 1st. class meeting Seniors. Seniors, Sophs and Juniors all elect officers.
- “ 17 “Since boys clothes are endangered there shall be no class scraps tonight.” Speech by Prof. Hines.
- “ 20 First furniture for Staff-room bought.
- “ 21 Boys interested in Foot-ball meet with Mr. Cravens.
- “ 23 Officers of Athletic Association elected. Mr. Cravens, Pres., Dad Lowder, Sec.-Treas.
- “ 27 All pupils without books sent home, especially Seniors.
- “ 28 Address on “Anatomy” by the Rev. R. W. Thorne.
- “ 29 Lecture on “Athletics by Herr Abbott. About the only thing said was “Come out to Football. What could you expect.
- “ 30 Miss Robbins asserts her rights. Cans Charles and Bess.
- Oct. 1 Music Day. “Yankee Doodle” for a change. Herr Abbott appointed “Crier” for lower session hall; announces losed etc. Senior class pins arrive.
- “ 4 About \$50 raised for Athletics. Blue Monday.
- “ 5 German test.
- “ 6 Arithmetic test. Bible study renewed. Twan's car hoisted upon steps of school building. She descends with greatest ease while boys view descent from enrb.
- “ 7 Riley Day. Short program at 10:00. Fire Drill. The first since 1913. M. H. S. represented by Herr Abbott at Riley program at Grace Theatre. “That Old Sweetheart of Mine.” School dismissed at 3:30 so students might attend Riley program at The Grace.
- “ 8 Chorus class begins in earnest. Seniors to give minstrel show.
- “ 11 Fire drill to see parade of Chicago Dixie Tourists at 11:00.

The NUISANCE

- “ 13 Talk by Rev. Harriman on “Disciplined Mind.” Report day.
23 Junior Latin failures. 113 students got A’s. Seniors buy
invitations, Juniors buy class pins. Freshman class meeting at
Rosa Wich’s.
- “ 14 Prof. Brewer absconded.
- “ 15 Nuisance distributed.
- “ 16 Football game at Brazil. B. H. S. 51; M. H. S. 0. “Great
teams have small beginnings.”
- “ 19 Cats, etc. Sec’y.-Treas. resigns. Arrival of Dorothy.
- “ 20 Apologies. 3 Seniors canned.
- “ 21 Talk by Thomas Brooks Fletcher.
- “ 22 Shanks presides over stage from wings during Bible study.
- “ 23 Prof. Abbott badly injured on the little finger. Best program
of the year.
- “ 26 Senior history rests. First of the year. HARD.
- “ 27 Juniors and Freshmen have hay ride and parties.
- “ 28 Recess out of doors in Bible Study Period. Last day of school
until next week.
- “ 29-30 Teacher’s Institute at Indianapolis.
- “ 31 Hallowe’en.
- Nov. 1 Seniors take no books home. Schan!
- “ 2 Faculty picnic. Students out en masse. Show at Blackstones.
- “ 3 Snake in the Gym.
- “ 4 Talk by the Rev. E. Richard Edwards. “Knowledge, Ability
and Wisdom.” Tickets for “Lavender and Old Lace,” on sale.
- “ 5 Football game, M. H. S., 37; Noblesville H. S., 0.
- “ 7 Wind, wind, wind!
- “ 8 “Lavender and Old Lace.”
- “ 9 Certain Freshmen promoted to 8th grade.
- “ 11 November Nuisance distributed.
- “ 12 Brownsburg H. S. 19, M. H. S. 0, the last game of football.
- “ 13 First snow-fall.
- “ 14 M. H. S. delightfully entertained by the JuJube Quartette of
Shelbyville.
- “ 15 A very good lecture on the “Life of Saul” by Mr. Abbott.
- “ 16 “Life of Paul” concluded.

The NUISANCE

- “ 18 Talk by Judge J. W. Williams on “Youth.” First practice teaching in 4B Arithmetic Class. Rain.
- “ 17 Long music period. Rain.
- “ 21 Model Latin recitation by Seniors before the Juniors. Birds.
- “ 22 New system in giving aid to pupils in studies.
- “ 23 Paper by Prof. Abbott on “Thanksgiving Day.”
- “ 24-25 Thanksgiving vacation.
- “ 28 No Bible Study. German class divided.
- “ 29 Bible Study in lower assembly. New system. Tests in Bible Study.
- “ 30 Very good program with school talent only. German.
- “ 31 New dishes for Domestic Science Dept.
- Dec. 1 Lectures by State Entomologist. Students not allowed to go to concert by News Boys Band.
- “ 3 First Basketball game of the season. Score 35 to 22 in favor of Cicero.
- “ 5 Lecture by Dr. Kinneman on “Health and Efficiency.” New table for Domestic Science Dept.
- “ 6 Report cards. Mr. Hines wears dark glasses. “Shepard of the Hills” at H. S. auditorium under auspices of seventh and eighth grades.
- “ 7 Bess and Prof. Abbott. Fuss.
- “ 8 All boys in music class canned. Two basketball games. Indiana Veterinary College 21, Martinsville Commercial Club 25. Arcadia H. S. 32, M. H. S. 25.
- “ 13 Two “canned Kids” back. All second year German class canned for all day. One Freshman girl appears in uniform.
- “ 14 Domestic Science table dedicated by spread.
- “ 15 Junior pins arrive. Nuisance distributed.
- “ 17 Alice and Myrtle celebrate birthdays.
- “ 20 Basketball, M. H. S. 24, Hopewell H. S. 20.
- “ 21 Tests. Bess canned again.
- “ 22 Good grades on Arithmetic test. O-33.
- “ 23 No English recitation.
- “ 30 Last day of school this year. Alumni visitors.
- “ 31 Basketball, M. H. S. 25, Fairmount Academy 20.

The NUISANCE

- Jan. 3 All-stars 59, Commercial Club 16.
" 4 First school day of 1916. New teacher begins, worse than some others.
" 5 German test. Mr. Robinson visits Arithmetic class in Senior boys uniforms.
Fire drill nearly scared Mr. Silsby to death. Basketball, M. H. S. 46, Mooresville H. S. 22. Hooray!
" 6 Excellent English recitation by 4B's.
" 7 Cicero at Cicero, C. H. S. 24, M. H. S. 16. Played in a barn.
" 10 Talk by Grandfather Johnson on "Abraham Lincoln."
" 11 Rain. Basketball. M. H. S. 46, Plainfield H. S. 23.
" 12 Well! Report cards.
" 13 English Room too cold for recitation. Obbie has so much money that it persists in rolling out of his pockets onto the floor. Result—Noise.
" 14 Broad Ripple H. S. 19, M. H. S. 31.
" 17 Cold weather. English room too cold again.
" 18 Brazil H. S. 14, M. H. S. 67.
" 19 Fire witnessed by several classes from window.
" 20 Slick. Sleet and ice.
" 21 Eest ist warm hente. Franklin H. S. 6, M. H. S. 47. Arithmetic class party. Candy and Carnations. Seniors only have to have 16 units. Hooray!
" 24 First day of Second Semester. Mr. Hines busy making out credit cards for Seniors. Baldy comes with distinctive hair dressing.
" 25 West Newton H. S. 15, M. H. S. 57.
" 26 Report cards given to those who failed first semester. "Three Chauffeurs."
" 27 No study period before first class. Some will not have lessons.
" 28 Program finally arranged.
" 31 Flood.
Feb. 1 High School dismissed in afternoon for funeral of Lillian Louise Rusie. Southport game postponed.
" 2 Mr. Hines gives spread for B. B. team.
" 3 Dewey back from flood district. 4B Arithmetic test.
" 4 Brazil at Brazil. B. H. S. 22, M. H. S. 18. 4B Arithmetic test.
" 8 Southport at Martinsville, S. H. S. 30, M. H. S. 39. Southport's only defeat of the season.

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- “ 9 Visitors. Blanch Bain and Twan Nutter visit the German class. Report cards. Seniors canned all day for tardiness.
- “ 10 O. P. West visits M. H. S., a former instructor here.
- “ 11 Bible Study resumed. New Bethel H. S. 23, M. H. S. 41.
- “ 14 Sophomore German class canned. Fire drill.
- “ 17 Pictures of B. B. boys appear in Star.
- “ 18 Franklin at Franklin. Special train 175. F. H. S. 9, M. H. S. 39.
- “ 21 Miss Robbins substitutes for Prof. Abbott.
- “ 23 Miss Hart entertains unwedded teachers with pink tea.
- “ 24 Broad Ripple H. S. 21, M. H. S. 28.
- “ 25 Wingate H. S. 13, M. H. S. 21.
- “ 26 Yell practice every other day, from this time till tourney.
- “ 27 Luncheon given by Domestic Science classes. Board of Education. Supt. Robinson and Faculty were the guests.
- “ 28 Program taking two periods. Three periods omitted today—Yell practice.
- Mar. 3 Miss Stevens absent. Nuisance distributed.
- “ 4 Monrovia H. S. 47, M. H. S. 2d team, 23.
- “ 5 Schedule for Tourney Games out Martinsville's first game is with M. T. H. S.
- “ 7 Gladys Bray substitutes for Miss Stevens.
- “ 8 Goss is sick with tonsilitis. Taken to Home Lawn.
- “ 10 Sectional Tournament. Everybody is happy. Martinsville wins today. M. H. S. 109, Opponents, 49.
- “ 13 Yell Practice for State Tourney.
- “ 16 Team and many enthusiastic fans leave for Bloomington.
- “ 17 M. H. S. takes both Washington and Lebanon down line to the tune of 53-22 and 16-33 respectively.
- “ 18 Sorrow in the camp of the Red and Blue. We bow to Lafayette, Champions of Indiana.
- “ 19 Large crowd greets returning warriors. Brass Band, Speeches.
- “ 20 M. H. S. team entertained at the Grace Theatre.
- “ 21 Banquet at Home Lawn for B. B. boys. Nit!
- “ 23 Mr. Cravens got to school on time!
H. S. students invited to Grace Theatre.

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- “ 27 Special Arithmetic Class for failing Seniors.
- “ 29 Mr. Haven of Presbyterian Evangelistic party entertains us with piano recital.
Evangelistic party visits M. H. S.
- “ 31 Alberta Smith entertains B. B. boys at her home.
- April 1 April Fool party at Mary Gano's.
- “ 2 Banquet at Home Lawn for B. B. boys.
- “ 12 M. H. S. Penal Farm opened.
“The pen is (sometimes) mightier than the sword. Great is the goose-quill, say we all; Amen! But sometimes the spade is mightier than the pen.”
- “ 13 More convicts!
- “ 14 German II gives program for themselves.
- “ 21 Arbor Day program. Presentation of Cogshall Picture to M. H. S.
- “ 22 Mr. Hines elected Superintendent of the schools in Cambridge City.
- “ 25 Teachers surprise Mr. and Mrs. Sheidler.
- May 1 Talk by Assistant State Fire Marshall. As a result two barns burn about one o'clock.
- “ 2 Senior Box Supper. Consequently Miss Hart gives German IV eight pages. Class Play Picture taken. B. B. boys wear their new sweaters.
- “ 5 Indiana program by Sophomore English classes.
- “ 10 Theoretical Music class visits Staley's Music Store.
- “ 11 Mr. McCracken is absent.
- “ 12 Juniors issue invitations to Banquet.
- “ 15 Strange visitors. Seniors would like to know to whom they should respond.
- “ 16 Shanks and Pete off for Culver.
- “ 19 Banquet.
- “ 21 Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. Thorne.
- “ 23 Class Play.
- “ 24 Circus.
- “ 25 Commencement. Dr. Black makes address. Reception by Supt. Robinson.
- “ 26 We belong to the Alumni of M. H. S.

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CLASS PROPHECY.

The great lecturer on the "Psychology of Cosmic Disintegration" had spoken in impressive statements, and my mind retained some of his closing words.

"It is quite possible," he had said, "to penetrate into the future with our human eyes. It is only the heavy imprisonment of fleshly sloth that blinds us. If one could free himself from this tyranny for a moment, and believe in himself, he could look forward, pierce the darkness, and by means of Cosmic Disintegration the future of any one would be projected upon his plane of vision."

It was my desire to obtain this sight, so that I might inform myself of the future careers of a certain body of persons which is rather interesting to me, the class of 1916. Therefore, following the directions of the wise man, I set forth to a high and lonely mountain and dwelt in solitude and frugality until the night before the Junior banquet, at which my fast was to be broken with a violent crash. Here I placed myself upon a comfortless stone and gazed intently into the darkness.

The scientist had spoken truly. I seemed to be seeing a motion picture show, and as I looked I recognized that I was actually gazing into the future at people I knew.

I beheld Imagen Clark entering the office of the "Yellow Sheet Daily," a roll of manuscript under her arm. She had married the editor of this publication and controlled the two together.

Then upon a great stage I saw our old friend Raymond Lowder, the renowned tragedian of the age, even then in the act of causing the huge audience to melt in sobs. His words came to me, "when your dear mother died." Tears blinded my sight.

More cheerful was the next picture. The sun shone sweetly upon a stately Virginia home. Climbing roses veiled the porch, but I could see within its shade her who was once known as Pauline Comer. She awaited with eager joy the approach of a martial figure on horseback. It is as I thought—she never survived the Virginia summer. And the one on the horse was *not* Walter!

No. He appeared in the dim light of some subterranean place, a lantern in his hand, bending over as he scanned the ground carefully. Was he searching for an honest man? Then he stood upright and I knew by the article in his hand that he was the great mushroom specialist of the day.

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Then there unrolled a field of daisies, among which strolled two people. Eternal lovers! Giving to the world, as they had to the High School, an example of fidelity. Dorothy's dress was apple blossom pink, and Shirley's face as he bent over her was ardent as it had ever been in the old days.

The field melted into the elaborate drawing-room of one of the most magnificent homes in Morgantown, where a large formal reception was proceeding. The hostess was the one time Bessie Steele, married to the leading financier of the city, and the society dictator.

Now a vast hall, wherein a lecturer holds his audience spellbound by his fiery eloquence. This lecturer, famed also as the inventor of many safety appliances, is Dewey Goss, who devotes his life to the cause of "Safety First."

A pleasant sylvan scene. Here I see more than one of my old friends. In a low and thriving cottage dwells Ruth Percy, married to the "happy farmer," who also acts as auctioneer at box suppers. With her dwells Clara Kirk, quiet and unpretentious as ever. As neighbor to them is Ray Haase, a solitary bachelor, but we see this will not continue long, as these two shy people have almost come to an understanding.

A tangled maze of colors blinds my eyes for a moment, but I see it is the Futurist Masque, headed by Helen Bain; neither is she the only follower of the dramatic art, for here in a bewildering costume of the ancient East Juliet Baldwin whirls through the swift and intricate measures of the "Sheherazade."

Here in a dim, strange smelling laboratory I behold the good joke editor, Basil Williams. What can he be doing—peering into the smoking crucibles? Something noble, certainly. Ah! compounding a "harmless freckle cream." Not for himself, to be sure—he never needed it—but for his old friend, Rae Jenkins. Unselfish soul!

And she? She has forsaken her disconsolate swain in Martinsville and taken up the fascinating task of designing dresses. I behold her under the glaring sun of Peru, seeking new styles, and acquiring more freckles.

Helen Fuselman, longing for a life of adventure and romance, has gone to Montana, where men are plenty and there are no old maids. I see her upon a rampant broncho, dashing across the plains in pursuit of admiring cowboys and miners.

Now tall trees cast mottled shadows over the green English grass, and under the trees walk the students garbed for graduation. And here is the student Margaret Rose (for Cambridge has opened its doors to women)

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most serene and dignified of all, nearly ready for her last school diploma.

Here is the flurry and bustle of a spirited campaign—the shrieking of the brass band, the rise of the camp song. Charlie Patton is contending strenuously for the vice-presidency, opposed vigorously by Larry Frye, who promises, however, to console himself with the mayorship of Terre Haute if beaten.

After this it is comforting to look upon quiet scenes again—Winifred Crawford planting morning glories around the fence of her country home, Frank Adams singing in cheerful solitude as he turns the well-rounded furrow, Gertrude Myers waving a fond good-by to three children on their way to school.

Scent of flowers, strains of music, and the flowers are orange blossoms, while the music is the Bridal March. Blooming whiteness strews the path of the lovely bride, who comes down slowly. Even in her shyness the smile remains the same. By it Gladys is known. Where could be found a more suitable one to play the tender role of bride?

The charming scene fades into the police court, where, before the grim, judge, Byron Burton stands on trial for speeding. “Ninety-eighth offense, six months imprisonment.” The film rolls on.

Evidently the class was not to lack teachers. In the kindergarten stands Helen Johnson, a light of knowledge to the young, and Ruth Ferguson presides over a peaceful rural academy. Guy Terhune teaches Pantheism and music in an educational institution for foreigners, and Edith Hanna has attained an enviable position in Gary. Over the smooth floor of the armory glides Mabel McKinley, teaching the neglected art of roller skating.

Nor does it lack in angels of mercy. In the insignia of the Red Cross is Myrtle Truax, ready to relieve the pain of brave warriors, and within the white walls of a hospital Dorris Cordell labors. Mary Wershing tenderly nurses poodles in an asylum for insane dogs.

Now a huge ship draws slowly up to land and stops. It is the “Beagle,” landing at South America, and bearing upon its decks the scientist, Floyd Ayers, come to search for the fossil bones of buried monsters. With him is his faithful secretary, coy Louise Ratts, willing for his sake to do anything from taking shorthand dictation to studying the position of a crab’s ears.

England again. A country crossroads bearing the signs, “To London,” “To Hawkhurst.” And here are parting Elsie Fritch and Thomas Steward, exchanging vows and class pins. He goes to London as an amateur gentleman, she to Paris on the trail of adventures.

The NUISANCE

Then there rolls by films showing industry. Mary MacCammaeck deftly manipulating the Stenotype machine, Edith Fletcher the typewriter, Miriam Hastings selling shoe strings in a great department store.

As a contrast to this life of labor is a scene of delightful leisure. Everett Shireman has purchased a lot in a quiet little town, and between intervals of cultivating chickens and sunflowers, dreams and sings in the shade of his own plum tree.

A picture of brightness and gayety. Lucile was ever a charming hostess, and now, as the wife of an Annapolis officer, she captivates the cadets by her delightful social functions.

The stage becomes dim and mysterious. There enters a dark and dreamy figure, laden with strange, sinister machines. With amazing ingenuity he constructs implements of destruction. He is called the "Man of Terror"—James Reid. Yet he also fears something; he is wan and haggard, and frequently seems to be in an attitude of listening. Suddenly he flees and I see that his old terror of a woman still pursues him.

But here is one happy one. Dear old Benton Port has at last found a companion who appreciates him, and, encouraged by her, acts as county recorder in a pleasant village and plies his trade of artistic photographer.

What? Another wedding! In a bower of lavender and pink sweet peas the most beautiful girl in Centerton becomes the bride of the handsomest man in Paragon, and thus are united beauty and wit. Long may they live! Alice Breedlove has helped one pedagogue to find his "Perfect Day," and surely he deserves it. Acting as best man we have the loyal relative, Wayne Abbott, who already is patiently experiencing the ecstasies of matrimony.

At last I see my shadowy self, searching for something. Perhaps it is the elusive Blue Bird of Happiness. I can not tell, for the scene fades quickly away and I am left to the tender mercies of the Junior banquet.

MIRIAM E. MASON.

GROWTH IN SCHOOL PROPERTY

From an Address by Supt. J. E. Robinson, delivered June 4, 1914

In 1870, the City, then Town of Martinsville became a separate and distinct school corporation, having been before this time a part of the school corporation of Washington Township.

The township had in 1867 erected in the North edge of town the front of what is now known as the Second Ward school building. When the town became an independent school corporation, 1870, it bought the interest of Washington township in this building for \$4,000.00. In 1877 just ten years after the front was erected the growth of the schools had been so great that an addition was built on the north side of this building at a cost of about \$6,000.00.

Six years later, in 1883, because of the crowded condition in the schools a block was bought just three squares southeast of the Public Square and on this was erected a small two room school building which two years later was replaced by a four room brick building of the latest approved type at a cost of \$7,500.50. In 1891 an addition to this building of the same size and construction was ordered and erected at a cost of almost \$10,000.00.

Because of the rapidly increasing enrollment in High School, in 1900, the Board of School Trustees found it had become necessary to make room for those who wished to pursue their studies beyond the grades, and accordingly erected the present High School building just to the north of the Third Ward building at a cost of about \$15,000.00.

In 1896 more room was required to accommodate the grades and a tract in the southwest part of the City on Main Street was purchased of J. V. Mitchell and a two room building that would house about one hundred pupils erected the total outlay being about \$3,000.00. This afforded temporary relief and in 1903 the Board of Trustees sold this property for \$2,495.00 and bought the block just south of the Big Four and west of Main Street and erected thereon a modern six room building at a cost of about \$12,000.00.

Because of the demand for more room for pupils in both grades and High School the Board of School Trustees bought, in 1912, 6.6 acres of land six squares south of the Public Square, of Mrs. Hyndman and in September of that year let the contract for a new high school building at a cost of \$43,500.00, the building to be completed and ready for occupancy by September 1, 1914.

The NUISANCE

HISTORY

" 'Twas the best of times; 'twas the worst of times;
'Twas a day of conceit; 'twas a day of trembling "



HE N on September the ninth, 1912, we, the class of '16, entered old M. H. S. as Freshmen. For did we not have a feeling of importance as we joined the host of students? And who could deny a slight trembling in his heart at the sneer of the haughty Seniors, or the disdain of our neighbors, the Sophomores?

However we aroused ourselves from lethargy, more on account of instincts of fear, than from any other cause, and, resolving to show our predecessors that we were powerful though young, had a meeting at the home of Lucile Sartor, and elected officers. Trusting in size we chose "Shanks" for our executive. The other officers chosen were Larry Frye, vice-president, and Gladys Lewis, secretary-treasurer. Blue and Gold were the class colors decided upon.

The Sophs met us that night, and gave battle. Of course we were victorious.

We enjoyed our first vacation when the Twenty-third Infantry, U. S. A. passed through our city on September 23, enroute to the border.

Tuesday afternoon, January 28, Miss Ida Faye Smith read "The Merchant of Venice" before High School. This was appreciated by all.

Miss Hart's English class dramatized a chapter from George Elliott's "Silas Marner" and presented it before the other freshmen classes. Histrionic talent was evident this early in our High School career.

Several enjoyable spreads and many Biology hikes livened the Spring term, and to cap the climax, we were entertained with a delightful party at the home of Miss Margaret Rose, north of the city.

The flood came this year, the week set for the spring vacation and so school was continued much to our satisfaction.

The next year we found ourselves again assembled in the old building, but we were several less in number than in the preceeding year.

Officers chosen this year were: Larry Frye, President; Helen Fuselman and Shanks Kriner, Vice-presidents; Gladys Lewis, Secretary-Treasurer.

The NUISANCE

This year we celebrated Mr. Cohee's Marriage, enjoyed "The Melting Pot," read by Miss Ida Faye Smith and the usual programs. The Dramatic Club and the H. S. orchestra also made their first appearance in the "Ladies of Cranford," in all of which the class of '16 was well represented.

Soon winter was over and Sophomore days with it. Therefore we cast aside the wars of Caesar and prepared for the Orations of Marcus Tullius with a three months' course in vacation!

Juniors at last! It was an honour to us that we were among the first to occupy the new H. S. building. At the beginning of the term, however, we were compelled to recite in the churches and public buildings owing to a delay in the construction of our new building.

This year several new subjects were added to our curriculum: German, Physics, Woodworking, and Commercial Courses being among the new studies.

Our officers for this year were: Shanks, President; Rhea Jenkins, Vice-president; Gladys Lewis, Secretary-Treasurer.

The first term was passed in hard labor, with programs and basketball for recreation. Book-stacking was also enjoyed. Bible study was added this year.

February nineteenth, formal Dedicatory exercises were held in the new building.

"A Nautical Knot" an operetta was presented by the chorus on February 25 in the auditorium.

As Juniors, it also fell to our lot to try our luck in debating.

Soon we began making preparations for the Reception, and, after much dissension, we decided to have it in the gym, and to make it the 'best ever.'

Several pleasant hours were spent in decorating for the Baccalaureate and the Commencement.

Before the close of school, however, we elected the Staff for '15-'16.

Numbering forty-five, we again assembled and picked seats in the Assembly for the last time. Officers were chosen and pins were selected for our Senior year. Hobby was elected President; Ateh, Vice-president, and the same Secretary-treasurer was chosen as in the preceeding years.

The chief interest this winter and spring has been centered in the Basketball team. We have lost six out of nineteen games, won the District Tournament and came out third in the State Tourney. Three players, Kriner, Goss and Shireman graduate this year.

The Class Play, "Higbee of Harvard" was given Tuesday, May 23, the house being well filled, and was considered quite an honour to the class.

The NUISANCE

On Thursday, May 25, we received our sheepskins and were afterwards delightfully entertained at the home of Superintendent Robinson.

And now, on the Twenty-sixth day of May, in the Year of Our Lord 1916, we bid Goodbye to the jolly old High School days forever!
So Long!



My friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn,
On the banks of the River Slow,
Where blooms the Waitawhile Flower fair,
Where the Sometime orother scents the air,
And the soft Goeasies grow?
It lies in the Valley of Whatsthe use,
In the Province of Leterslide,
That tired feeling is native there,
Its the home of the listless, Idon'teare,
Where the Putitoffs abide.



CLASS WILL.

LUCILE SARTOR

We, the Seniors of M. H. S., being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make and declare this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills and testaments.

Walter Acheson.....*My pink cheeks to Doris Young.*
Everett Shireman.....*My slumbers to John Bryce.*
Clara Kirk.....*My demure ways to Edith Deck.*
Pythagorons Ayers....*My wisdom to Bertha Rose.*
James Reid.....*My position as Editor-in-Chief to Clay Baker.*
Gladys Lewis.....*My smile to Louise Percy.*
Basil Williams.....*My "Olive" to the future H. S. boys.*
Byron Burton.....*My firecrackers to William Kirk.*
Frank Adams.....*My job as official tardy bell ringer to Cecil Harper.*
Alice Breedlove.....*My height to Mildred Miller.*
Benton Port.....*My green suit to Howard Northern.*
Rae Jenkins.....*My crimson locks to Hobart Crone.*
Mabel McKinley.....*My studious disposition to Cecil Frye.*
Miriam Mason.....*My freckles to Marvon Jenkins.*
Juliet Baldwin.....*My "Bobbed hair" to Emily Lynch.*
Dewey Goss.....*My luck to any one that wants it.*
Dorothy Tevis.....*My ability to write notes to Doan Nutter.*

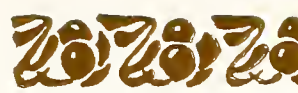
The NUISANCE

Winifred Crawford.....*My good nature to Flossie Wheeler.*
 Larry Frye.....*My plaid shirt to Sid Smith.*
 Gertrude Myers.....*My mild disposition to Erma Cox.*
 Shirley Kriner.....*I think (?) I shall keep this case.*
 Louise Ratts.....*My designs on the Editor-in-Chief to Ruth Walters.*
 Helen Bain.....*My borrowed clothes to their owners.*
 Charles Patton.....*My commanding ways to Naomi Gum.*
 Wayne Abbott.....*The elevation of my head to my brother.*
 Imogene Clark.....*My curls to Martha Asher.*
 Ruth Pearcey.....*My stand in with Clarence to Lucy Patton.*
 Dad Louder.....*My position as yell leader to Tronie.*
 Lucile Sartor.....*My temper to Clara Watson.*
 Margaret Rose.....*My brother to the B. B. Team of 1917.*
 Elsie Fritch.....*My white shoes to Nona Henderson.*
 Bess Steele.....*My place in the club to Alberta Smith.*
 Guy Terhune.....*My walk to Mose.*
 Ray Haase.....*My speed to Helen Clark.*
 Edith Hannah.....*My black hair to Edith Cramer.*
 Dorris Cordell.....*My coquettish ways to Mary Fletcher.*
 Ruth Furguson.....*My curly hair to Louis Thorne.*
 Helen Johnson.....*My ability as match maker to Mr. Silsby.*
 Myrtle Truax.....*My singing voice to Katherine Mouser.*
 Mary Wersling.....*My size to Glen Cunningham.*
 Thomas Steward.....*My power as girl fascinator to Howard Ayres.*
 Edith Fletcher.....*My ambition to Jessie Haase.*
 Helen Fuselman.....*My Bloomington lovers to Harriet Sweet.*
 Mary McCamack.....*My seat in assembly to Forest Thorne.*
 Miriam Hastings.....*My Junior sweetheart, Loyd Walls to Mary Gum.*
 Pauline Comer.....*My Soph to Mable Pringle.*



“ What is writ is writ--
 Would it were worthier!

 Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been--
 A sound which makes us linger; yet, farewell!”

 *The* NUISANCE 

Advertising

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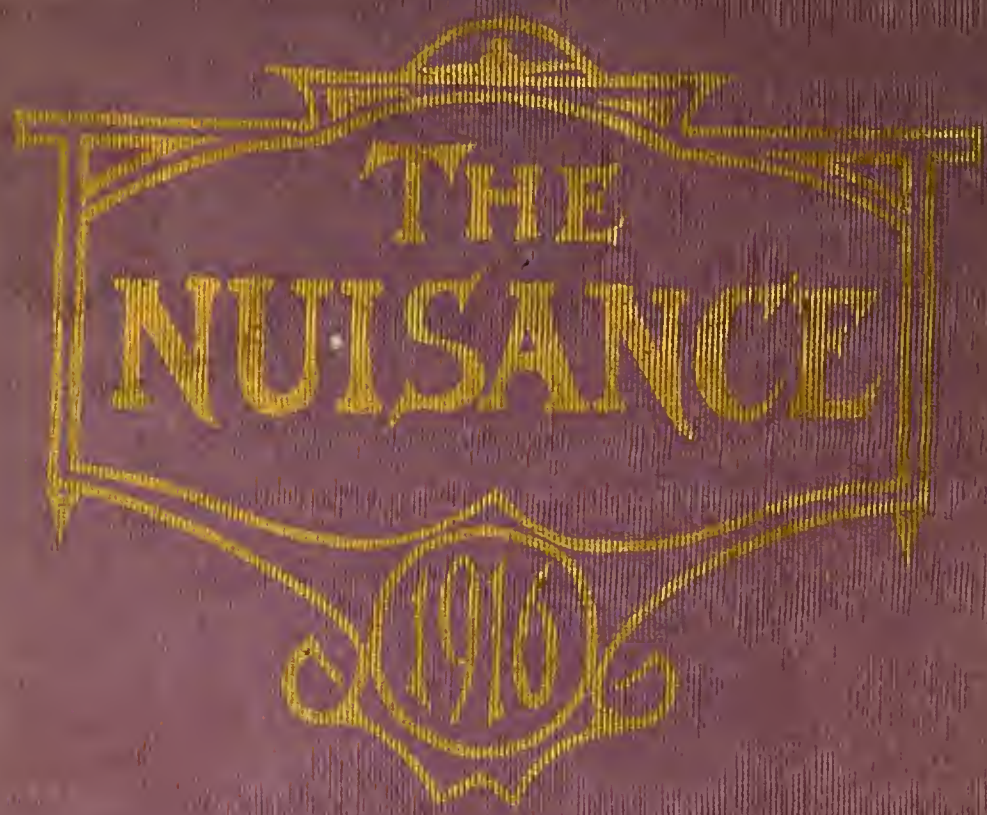


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THE
NUISANCE

1916



